Masterchief Get's a Myspace!

by Grubby

    1. Chapter 1

Masterchief Get's a Myspace!

Note: I do not have a Myspace, and I'm just using the info I got from Wikipedia to help me write this fic.

Chapter 1. Account Registration

"Masterchief! You're invited to get a Myspace!" yelled Cortana.

"A what?"

"A Myspace chief!

John (masterchief) went over to his computer and stared at the screen. There was an email message that told him to get a Myspace.

"Uhh, sure, whatever. Well who invited me in the first place?" asked John.

"Sgt.Johnson sir, and he said that you can meet chicks on the web there."

"Ohhh! Chicks! I need to get a Myspace! Cortana, make me an account!" ordered John.

"Hacking the covenant's internet network...Got it!" said Cortana.

"Sir, I need you to put a picture of you on your account."

"Uhh, sure, use the picture of me and my rubber ducky. It's in My Pictures."

"Ok, now I made your account, but now you have to make your blurb."

"Uhh, ok, uhh, write what I say down. Hi, i'm a sexy dude who likes uhh, sex, and candy. Ohh, I love candy."

"Ok, now write down who you'd like to meet."

"I'd like to meet my dick, the grim reaper, megaman, Gary Brolsma, Osama Bin Laden, and Santa Claus."

"I wrote it down, answer these questions."

"What's your status?"

"Uhh, I'm inside a covenant installatio-"

"Not that status! Your relationship status!"

"Ohh, uhh, I'm single."

"Ok, what's your orientation?"

"I'm not asian!"

"I'm talking about your gayness, or straightness."

"Ohh, umm, I'm Bi."

"Ok, where is your hometown?"

"I was born in Elysium City."

"Good, now what's your religion?"

"I don't have no fking religion."

"You don't have to be harsh, uhh what's your zodiac sign?"

"A penis!"

"Sure, do you smoke or drink?"

"Both."

"Ok, uhh do you want kids?"

"Hell no!"

"Oookkkk, what's your education?"

"SPARTAN training program, and hooked on phonics."

"Last but not least, but what is your income?"

"I get 1,000,000,000 galaxy dollars each day."

"Well now your in..."

2. Chapter 2

Masterchief Gets a Myspace!

Note: Here's another chapter of the story. Thanks to all who reviewed! Also, "?" is a censored letter. For example: "F?ck you!"

Chapter 2. Friends

"Chief, Sgt. Johnson wants you to add him to your friends list!" yelled Cortana.

"Sure, add him!"

"Ok, I did, now what?"

"Uhh, search for Arbirter."

"Ok, hmm, Arbriter has a nice profile."

"Hey! I didn't know that he's bi!"

"Well sir, apparently, he is."

"Uhh I want to send him a message."

"Ok, please tell me what you are gonna' write sir."

"Ok, tell him that I f?cked his mother!"

"Sir, isn't that _too_ vulgar? I mean, girl elites reproduce assexually."

"Oh well, just send it to him."

"Ok sir."

John heard a grunt yell something. He fired his magnum, and killed it.

"Damn, I didn't board this covenant ship to get killed! I boarded this ship to talk to chicks!"

"Ok sir, I'll browse."

"OH! LET'S LOOK AT THAT HOTTIE'S PROFILE!"

"Okay."

John punched a jackal into submission.

"Oooohh, nice b?obs!"

"Sir, I have _way_ better b?obs than her!"

"Let's see then."

Ok, you don't need to know, but Cortana does something.

"Ooohhh! You _do_ have better b?obs than her!"

Cortana nodded.

"Ok, tell that chick that her boyfriend is mine!"

"Sir! Lookout!"

A plasma blast hit John's armor. John killed the elite with his battlerifle.

"Sir, we should be hacking into the covenant's battle network, and we should kill the prophet of truth!"

"Na-na-na! I do what I want to do b?tch!"

John killed a grunt with his SMG.

"Now let's look at Johnson's profile!"

Note: Ok, I'll post more chapters.

3. Chapter 3

Masterchief Get's a Myspace

Note: Thank you to the reviewers, and thank you Great Beaver for recognizing my work and letting me into your C2 Community.

Chapter 3. Damn!

"What the hell!" exclaimed John.

He was staring at the holograhic screen, and he was looking at Sgt. Johnson's profile. The background was pink, red, and black, and the text was red. A video displayed Johnson in a hot-tub with some hot chicks.

"How does _that_ old man get all the chicks!"

Suddenly, a plasma bolt whizzed by. John killed the grunt who fired the bolt with his battle rifle.

"I want to tell him something."

Cortana nodded.

"Ask him how he gets all the chicks."

"Right away sir..."

Suddenly, the hologram died. Brutes started flooding the room.

"Sir! They cut off the internet connection!"

"Damn!"

John lobbed a grenade at the brutes, and fired some bursts.

"Sir, there's a seraph that we can high-jack!" yelled Cortana.

John tossed his last grenade, and ran across the room. He opened the door, and went inside the seraph. He closed the door, and flew into space. John noticed that there was an internet connection in the ship, and he could go to Myspace! He immediatly went to his account, and he checked his inbox. There was a reply!

He opened it and it said: Yo' dawg, I hook up chicks by showing my battle scars, you should do it too, but too bad for you, you have armor on! Muhahahha!

"Nooooo!" yelled John, "I'm going to log out for now."

Note: I'll update this fic soon, but I have to go to Korea for awhile.

    4. Chapter 4

Masterchief Get's a Myspace

Note: I'm back from my trip to South Korea! Sorry for the long wait. I'll pump out more chapters soon.

Chapter 4. Laggy Internet

"Sir! A plasma bolt is speeding towards us!" yelled Cortana. "Dodge it!"

"God darn it, I don't have any time for this!"

The plasma bolt hit the seraph's wireless router.

"Damn! Now I have a f?cking laggy connection! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Sir, I _did_ TELL YOU!" replied an angry Cortana.

"No you didn't you liar, I'm gonna' put you in standby for awhile!"

"No! Don't! I have Norton Firewall installed in my computer! You'll never get me alive!"

But John didn't listen, and he slipped Cortana's data chip inside the standby slot in his armor.

"Now to log in."

John got on the myspace homepage. He typed in the first letter of his username, put it took twenty minutes to appear on the screen.

"Oh my f?cking pineapple! The internet's f?cking laggy!" yelled John. "I wished I had one of those stim-pack things the marine's use in starcraft."

John finally logged on after wating for about 5 hours. He got on, and saw a message. He clicked it, but the link suddenly turned into a piece of rhubarb-strawberry pie.

"YOU HAVE THE PIE VIRUS! YOU HAVE THE PIE VIRUS!" yelled the anti-virus system.

"Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! I'm going to base to try to get a better connection!"

Note: Sorry for the short chapter. I'm tired from my trip, and I'm too tired to think of anything funny. I swear that the rest of the chapters will be better.

End
file.